

March Comes in Like a Lion

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FUMIO KURITA

REPRODUCED BY THE EPOCHAL (2004/05)

VOLUME 1 (1994-2004/02/14)

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SCANLATION BY RE WITH THE SCANS (2004/05)

EDITING/TYPE/REWORKING/REPAIRING

BY THE LONE

REWORKING/REPAIRING & SCANLATION BY REWORK

TRANSLATION BY REWORK

REWORKING & REPAIRING BY REWORK

QC BY REWORK & REWORK



and instantly,
I came back
to my senses



—With those words,
I looked at the board



I cannot continue.

That's how bad this is.

The first thing I felt was shock—



And then, I was overcome by burning



embarrassment.

did I think this man was—?

*Up until a
minute ago,*

what kind of person



Who else will do
I think I will!
"I mean's got
serious!"
Just how badly
did I misread
this person?



What
the hell
"Three kinds
of people?"

I'M NOT
GOOD
WITH
THEM.



1. **PROPOSED** **REVISION**



I just wanted to say
as I played my music along

colours, but overlooking the game, which is very serious. I don't know if you can see it, but I'm not sure.



Provoked by another
A-class player, I brushed
him aside as if he were a
mere minor character.

I let my mind
be overruled
by a grudge.

Without even
understanding
the "ability" of
the opponent
in front of me.

that stupid!

Am I



It's painful!

*Get away
get away.*

get away.

get away!

I want to disappear.

*It's pitch
black but
blindingly
bright.*

*I can't
breathe.*

He...

何々.....

By simply clearing his throat there,



I knew he was telling me, "calm down".



and tried.



and my mind in chaos, I really tried.



With that proof,

but he had see
through it all,
quaintly.

That
man not
only saw
through
all of it,

and that
I'd only just
now realized
it and gotten
stunned—

that fact
that I'd been
practically
betraying
him

And I
realized.



*If I simply ran away in the
middle of the game just because
of my own embarrassment,*

that would be

something truly selfish



a battle of
thoughts
began.

P.

THINK.

FROM
HERE.

千太郎

FROM
HERE.

WHY
DON'T
YOU TRY
ADVANC-
ING A
LITTLE?

A-ah from
there!!

Adrian

It's difficult to
tell the boundary
between the
mind and the
body.

But

achieving
my
recovery.

the
match
ended.

And
then

将棋会館



Back in the match,

and in my disposition...

Ah...

It's already
finished.

TH-

THANK

● P-12
○ P-12

NOW
ABOUT

● P-25

○ P-25

● P-30

○ P-30...

TH-

THANK
YOU!

VERY
MUCH...

My sister shook with embarrassment.

It was...

My reading of the game.

everything...

The world in front of me faded black and white.





HE WENT TO
MAKE COPIES
OF ONLY YOUR
AND GOTOU-
SAN'S KIRU.

BEFORE
THIS
MATCH THAT
JERK

OH
HAI
HAI



THE
INDIS-
CRE-
TIONS
OF
YOUTH.

I KNOW.
I KNOW

SOOO
EMBARRAS-
SING

OH
GEEZ



OH,
WELL.

WELL,
I'VE DONE
SIMILAR
THINGS IN
THE PAST,
TOO

I DON'T REMEMBER THAT
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT

EVER-
ONE DOES
THAT, I
SURE
DO

THOUGH
WE TRY
NOT TO
REMEMBER



I'M
SICKENED

MAN,
THAT JUST
PISSED
ME OFF

WOOD
GRAIN



GOTOU-SAN
HAS "30 GAMES"
AND I ONLY HAVE
"5 GAMES"

—SO,
IT'S LIKE
THAT,
IS IT?





YEAH.

I KNOW.

YES.

OH?

YOU
ALREADY
SAW IT
ONLINE?

HELLO.

HOW?

HOW'S
YOUR
HEALTH
HOLD-
ING
UP?

THANKS.

THANKS.

I MIGHT
HAVE
RIPPED
HIM
APART
THOUGH..

HE'S AN ODD
JUNGLE
OF
STUBBORN
AND
MEEK.

—BUT THAT
GUY SURE
IS INTER-
ESTING.



THE GIRL WAS YELLING BASTARD

HEY, GUY! YOU SHOULD LISTEN!



—Later,
at
Smith's
house.